

Student Review

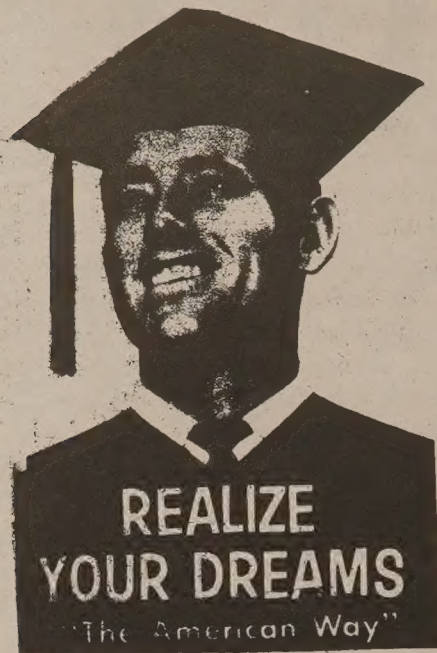
An Independent Forum for Student Thought

What Does
Janice
Think?

August 15, 1995 • Year 9 Issue 23

Editor's Page

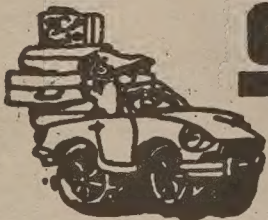
GRADUATING?



SUBSCRIBE TO THE REVIEW
FOR LESS THAN THE PRICE
OF A BYU PARKING
TICKET! (\$15! Cheap!)

Believe it or Not, SUMMER is Here—
Can your car take the HEAT?

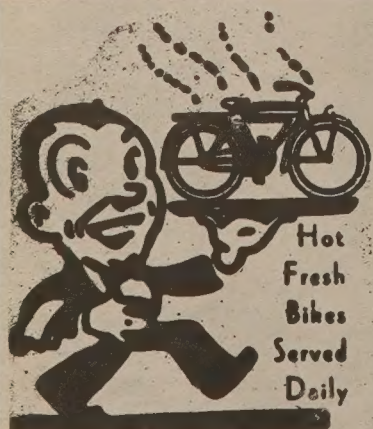
Foreign Cars
Are Our Specialty,
Not A Sideline



IMPORT AUTO CENTER

800 S. University

Just South of the Overpass
374-8881

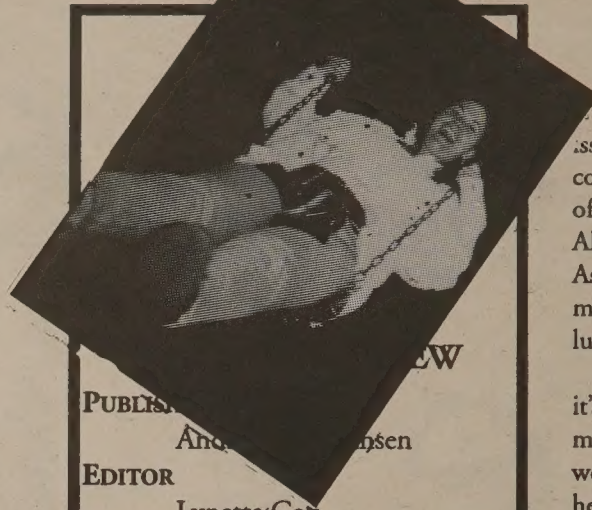


GOURMET BICYCLES

1155 N. CANYON
ROAD
377-3969

COME AND GET IT!

BICYCLES, CLOTHING,
HELMETS AND BAGS
ON SALE • CHEAP



PUBLISHER
Andersen
EDITOR
Lynette Cox
MANAGING EDITOR
Bryce Knudsen
DESIGN & PRODUCTION
Scott Whitmore
Jon Ebbert
ADS MAN
Paul Lenhart
ARTS & LEISURE EDITOR
Lynette Cox
CAMPUS LIFE EDITOR
Lynette Cox
CAMPUS LIFE STAFF
Douglas Pinney (Asst.)
Matt
Keith Williams
Rachel
CINEMATICS EDITOR
Turk Robinson
CINEMATICS STAFF
Eric Player
ISSUES & OPINIONS EDITOR
Jon Ebbert
NOISE MAKERS EDITOR
Dean Jones
NOISE MAKERS STAFF
Adam Martin
Jason Lindquist
A. Scott Fleming
RELIGION EDITOR
Josh Coates
RELIGION STAFF
Janet Garrard
ARTISTS
Tia Bourne
Camille Watson
COVER ART
TIA BOURNE
CURRENT EVENTS GURU
Janeal Olson

Send submissions, letters, and subscription requests (\$15 per year) to:
Student Review
PO Box 2217
Provo, UT 84606
(801) 371-8400

Student Review is an independent student publication serving Utah Valley and its university communities. Because *SR* aspires to be an open forum, all submissions will be considered for publication.

Views expressed in *Student Review* are presumably those of the authors, and certainly do not necessarily reflect those of BYU, UVSC, *SR*, the LDS Church, Rex & Janet Lee, our parents, friends and close relatives, or Geneva Steel.

Editor's Note

Well, here we are at the end of the summer issues of *SR*. I can't believe we all survived. I couldn't have done it without my great, though often changing, staff. You all made me proud! Also, for those of you who are interested, Emily Asplund, former Arts & Leisure editor, got her mission call to Sweden. We wish her the best of luck.

For those of you out there who wonder what it's like working for a small, simple newspaper, let me give you some of the highlights of what you would go through...naaaahhhh, you don't want to hear about it, it's too gruesome.

Ok, now I'll move on to something more exciting.

Sooooo.....uummmmmmm.....(okay, so I'm not a very exciting person).

I better say thanks to Karla Holland. She and Dean Jones spent a ton of time helping me to figure out how to do layout for the June and July issues. You guys are the best.

My special thanks to Doug, Jon and Dean, the anchors of my staff—I couldn't have done it without them.

Dean is bald, Jon is getting there but Doug has beautiful hair. You could say hair loss is a marker of talent and wit, except Jon is better than Dean in most respects, so the theory collapses with heavy scrutiny. Why am I telling you this? Because I'm graduating and have nothing better to do than ponder the correlation between hair-loss and intelligence. The summer was a grueling one, but somehow I survived it with the help of the three nephites—Dean, Doug and Jon. Now that I'll no longer be editor of *Student Review*, I'll have time for all those hobbies I've been meaning to take up, like smoking. I'm single and I know how to cook, so I shouldn't have too much trouble getting married, and I'm also good with pets (I'll leave my number at the bottom of the column).

Dean is bald, Jon is getting there but with all due respect, much to my dismay, in retrospect, on the other hand, by all means, according to some, be it ever so humble, alas, we've run aground, should all acquaintance be forgot, and by Jove's flaming red jockey shorts... Doug certainly does have beautiful hair. Or so I thought until one day I happened past his apartment one late evening and just coincidentally happened to peer into his window and quite unexpectedly came face to face with a most dreadful revelation. Doug's hair is actually made of llama-silk. This unsettling fact left me disoriented and sad and it was on the long lonely walk home that I began to think about my contributions to this rebellious ragsheet. Basically, this being my farewell address, so to speak, I would like to thank all the little people (i.e. everyone excluding Doug, Dean and Jon). It has been a riotous summer being your lovable and laboring editor. Thanks for everything.

Oh man, you won't believe what just happened. I was suddenly possessed by the spirit of Dean who had possessed the spirits of Jon and Doug and brought them along. I don't even remember writing the above couple of paragraphs. It's amazing how these things happen. Those guys have powers beyond anyone's scope of imagination.

Well, thanks again to all my staff, our advertisers, supporters, readers, etc. I'm off to graduation land and then to Arizona to look for a real job (I hate real jobs). Anyone out there can do this, so come work for us!!! It's a blast, you meet cool people, and if you're in tune, you can be possessed by Dean, Doug, and Jon.

Love always,

M. Lynette Cox
Lynette Cox, editor

Cinematics

Reel Talk

by Turk Robinson

I've been doing a little thinking lately about Hollywood and how it serves us, its audience. Senator Robert Dole brought the entertainment industry to trial a few weeks ago and flared off at such people as Oliver Stone, various rap artists, and the President of Time-Warner.

Flipping around the channels, I saw the reaction of Dole's words from

Crossfire to *Politically Incorrect*. I heard comments ranging from deep rage and reaction to total support. Some "expert" on *Good Morning America* asks for total regulation and censorship. Boys II Men on MTV News laugh and roll their eyes. Oliver Stone releases a statement calling Dole's comments a "90's form of McCarthyism." Speaker Gingrich releases his novel that is censored by his publisher.

The issue of what Hollywood feeds us and what they should feed us is something that seems to be pressing our society more intensely. Some would argue for hours and mention catch-phrases such as "free speech" "protect our children" "morality" "I don't relate" and "freedom" to protect their respective points. It seems as though we hear all the rhetoric blasted across our screens, the real problem isn't being addressed. Hollywood is seeping away our ability to grasp and learn from humanity.

We as an audience are expected to consume the anti-aesthetics that Hollywood and others "provide" for us. I have found that the cinema can be a window to the soul, a combination of emotion and imagination that can fly around in our subconscious and tell us something, perhaps even change us.

I can never forget one scene in a little animated film called *Watership Down*. A rabbit is coming to the end of his life and the ominous black rabbit of death is hovering over him. The old, tired rabbit looks back at his grandchildren playing in the background and does not want to leave. The black rabbit sees his situation and calms him simply by saying, "They will be all right." The rabbit then slowly collapses to his death and his spirit rises and joins playfully with the black rabbit.

No huge computer animated caribou sequences, no overly dramatic death scene with music swelling like a overpaid opera singer. A simple moment spoke sounds to me because it was honest.

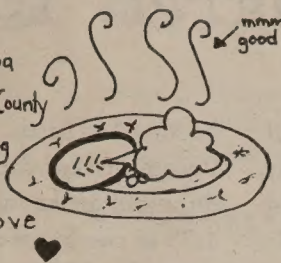
Sure, I can't "relate" with animated bunnies or crippled middle age white women or angst-ridden drug dealing gang members or a teenager prostitute with a desire to be truly loved. The important thing is that no matter what direction or in what way someone

is speaking to us, it is the compilation of life experience. Such that we can learn from.

Brutal violence to spouses can mean something. Sex and nudity can mean something. Everything from sexual repression to anarchy can mean something. But Instead of giving us *Belle Du Jour*, *A Clockwork Orange*, or *The Elephant Man*, lately Hollywood has given us the infantile *Disclosure*, the over-the-top *Judge Dredd*, and a dried up *Species*. Instead of giving us reasons to learn and grow through the experiences and trials of others, we are asked to sit in a dark room and be shocked or titillated for no other reason but to be shocked or titillated. It just seems that instead of moving to inspire and reach understanding, Hollywood has

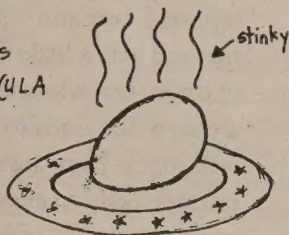
See

1. Come Back, Little Sheba
2. The Bridges of Madison County
3. Judgement at Nuremberg
4. Paris is Burning
5. The 1935 Mad Love



Don't See

1. Breakheart Pass
2. The Brides of DRACULA
3. JUDGE DREDD
4. Wigstock
5. The 1995 Mad LOVE



Quotables "I'm mad as hell, and I'm not going to take it anymore!" *Finch* in Network

moved to just touch our bitter surfaces instead of our souls.

When the process of sharing and teaching like the old art of storytelling is forgotten, so are we.

30 Second Reviews

Nine Months

(7 out of 10)

by Christine Guerra.

Nine Months is a light comedic gamble through the wonders and horrors of a first pregnancy. It is the story of a shy, child psychologist, Sam (Hugh Grant), who must face the unexpected pregnancy of his long-time girl friend. Confusing matters include the most obnoxious family in history (Tom Arnold, Joan Cusack, and a bunch of regurgitating kids) and a phonetically-challenged doctor who has never delivered a child into the world (Robin Williams). The story revolves around all of the decisions that Sam has to make. Will he accept the responsibilities of a family, or will he be a carefree playboy forever?

The story of *Nine Months* is refreshingly pro-family, and about as pro-family is Hollywood gets these days. Overall, the script is amusing; however, at points, the coincidences are a bit unbelievable. I mean, how many people does Hugh Grant have to take to the hospital before no one buys it anymore?

Tom Arnold does a bang up job as, what else, a rude, annoying supporting character. After his capital performance in *True Lies*, it seems Tom does have some talent, after all. Who would of guessed from his lackluster television appearances. Apparently, there is life after Roseanne.

So if you are in the mood for a cream puff comedy that is slightly tough to swallow, *Nine Months* is the film for you.

Apollo 13

(10 out of 10)

by Eric Player

Directed by Ron Howard and starring Tom Hanks, Kevin Bacon, and Bill Paxton, *Apollo 13* is the true story of NASA's near-disastrous third flight to the moon. It dramatizes the time when (three days into a mission that was considered so routine NBC aired I Dream of Jeannie instead of covering it) an explosion in the oxygen tanks on board the Odyssey spacecraft left 3 men stranded 150,000 miles above the earth with only a moon lander to get home with.

This is a film for the suspense junkie in all of us, and I'm not just talking about scenes with some guy

jumping out and saying BOO! Anybody can do that. (Jean-Claude Van Damme can do that.) Ron Howard got his actors looking so pasty-face panicky that every time they pushed a button I flinched for fear of what might happen.

Sure I know about how the weightless effects are real, and naturally I'm aware that the NASA building isn't but the special effects are ho-hum as far as I'm concerned. What really makes the film is Tom Hank's performance. His finest moment comes when the Lunar Module is frozen and approaching earth; he wipes the ice from the window and stares at the oceans and clouds below, and in his eyes is nothing but a desire to get home. Its touching, its timeless, its...well O.K., it's brilliant.

I was listening to two girls talk the day this picture opened. One asked the other if she was going to see it, and the reply was, "Oh I don't know, it's PG...is it any good?" Is it any good?! This is what we get from a generation that grew up with Sylvester Stallone instead of Cary Grant. Its good. Just see it, and then go rent *Notorious*.

Braveheart

(3 out of 10)

by Turk Robinson

What a mess, what a mess. When I was reading other reviews of this film I was so blindly aroused. Mike Clark of *USA Today* gave it four stars and compared it to *Laurence of Arabia*. Other critics called it the best film of the year so far. And when a critic, such as myself, reads such reviews, strange things start to happen. The back of the neck gets a strange erotic swelling sensation, muscles tense, breath becomes heavy, and appendages sightlessly pull out dollar bills from the grocery money to give to the lady at the box office.

I can tell you that after sitting through this film, I started therapy for my problem.

Braveheart tells the testosterone-leaking true story of one William Wallace (Mel Gibson) and his bloody struggle to gain freedom for Scotland from the tyrannical forces of England. We trace the life of Wallace from his youth and see the evil deeds of English soldiers, such that drive Wallace to organize his Scottish compatriots to drive the English out of their country in order to obtain true freedom.

The biggest problem with this film is that it wants to be an epic sized film so badly, that it falls flat on it's face. Everything from the huge and intricate battle sequences to the dazzling costumes, to the Gibson bear-head hero at first glance would seem fairly enjoyable. Instead what received is a disjointed and extremely boring film and uninspired performances up and down the board. I think I understand what Gibson was trying to accomplish, but it seems to sail right over his head like a pointed spear. Sequences that are supposed to be slightly funny end up drab and convoluted, and the sequences in which we are supposed to feel emotion from the characters, end up almost like a scene straight out of *Ishtar*. (Substitute grass for sand dunes.)

There is something good about this film though, but you have to dig past the formulaic script, the hair extensions and the bad accents. It lies in the photography. From the very start we receive the beautiful green wonder of the Scottish wilderness. Too bad everything else about the film couldn't match. *Braveheart* is almost like a lavish Broadway stage set up in intricate detail for a 4th grade musical on the Happy Sunflowers vs. the Evil Carrots of Darkness. I think I would almost pay to see that than sustain the agony of *Braveheart* again.

So please don't go see this film. You'll be better off renting a classic Hollywood epic like *Ben Hur*, or *Sparticus* than boring yourself with this childish wanna-be drivel.

Campus Life

A Civic-Minded Program for the Community

by Douglas W. Pinney

I just think it's insane the way if you pull up next to a girl at a red light she will, without fail, pretend not to notice how good looking you are. She'll sit and look straight ahead, acting as if she's really concentrating on the red light. If only she could know how silly she looks. I mean, it's quite obvious that the only reason she doesn't even glance over is because of the great attraction she feels toward me. To stifle such a natural inclination really must be horrid for the psyche. Which brings me precisely to my point. There are an alarming number of imbalanced and misguided people roaming our streets and something needs to be done. I propose a simple four-step plan designed to mitigate, if not eradicate, the problem altogether. I call it the Let's-Be-Honest-About-Doug's-Good-Looks Four-Step Program.

Step One. In this step we set up a meeting with all distinguished community leaders (i.e., mayor, police chief, religious luminaries, school presidents and principals, TV station managers, Shriners, etc. . .). In this meeting, policies, procedures and outlines should be drawn up and set forth to show why it is important to recognize my good looks, and how to go about prepping the community to be a little more honest about them. If possible, each leader present should be forced to sign an agreement that he or she will use any means necessary to reorient the community's way of thinking regarding this issue. Donuts and milk might facilitate increased cooperation.

Step Two. As the liberals like to say regarding crime, an

ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Accordingly, Step Two deals with prevention. By nipping in the bud any ignorance of Doug's momentarily handsome demeanor, we can thereby prevent the future crime of thinking of Doug as somehow unattractive. Step Two should concentrate on educating the young and impressionable. Parents who know how to bring up their children raise them with a correct understanding about how I look. Oh sure, there may be a period of adolescent rebellion where kids in a phase will say things like "Doug looks dumb," or "Doug seems ugly to me." Rest assured though, if these children have been raised properly and have had correct notions instilled within them, they will come back to the fold eventually. In the event that one or two don't make it back to the fold there is always the tactic of ostracization. Still, this is not likely to occur.

Some proven methods of child rearing that should be applied in Step Two have been discovered over the years. One fun way is to reward children when they make reference to how good looking I am. Though psychologists have downplayed the importance of food, candy, or dessert as a reward—just between you and me—it really works like a charm (Lucky Charms work especially well). Parents shouldn't worry if their children start developing weight problems because psychologists have warned against worrying.

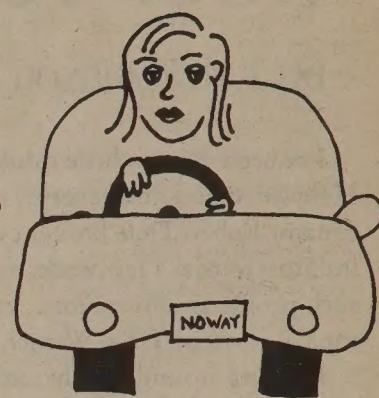
Another method of teaching a child the correct way to think is the helpful technique of phrase repetition. For those with extra cash, tapes can be made to which the child can

be forced to listen.

Recommended daily listening durations are anywhere from 1.75 to two hours a day (but more if a child seems to be resisting the message). For those short on cash, phrases can be memorized and vocally repeated over and over. This method gets a little tiresome at times, but when the results are seen one finds its time well spent. Here are some phrases likely to engender a good perception of how appealing my looks are: "Doug looks good," "Doug is attractive," or "Doug is good looking." To really spice things up, parents can try adding "Wow" to the beginning of these phrases. Switching back and forth between different phrases, while adding variety, is usually discouraged because it tends to confuse the child, which might make them think.

Parents should experiment with different techniques (i.e., electric shock, spanking, Halloween costumes of Good Looking Doug, ancient myths of ancient Dougs, peer pressure etc. . .) but one last suggestion might be giving children money. Money can get a kid to do just about anything. One study last year at the University of California at San Diego reported findings indicating that children given just fifteen dollars could be persuaded to stop watching MTV long enough to shrug their shoulders and say "I don't know" in response to parental questions about their day at school. Above all, remember, when it comes to making children believe what you want them to believe, persistence and repetition are the keys.

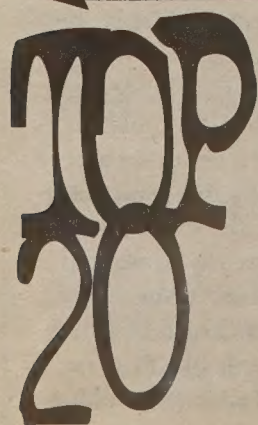
Step Three. This step deals with the weighty concern of punishment for those who do



not express proper respect for just how damn good looking I really am. Though not equal to murder, failing to regard me as an attractive individual is a serious crime. Most probably, due to the recent paroxysms of the ACLU, a jail sentence could not be inflicted on lawbreakers. Unfortunate as this is, there are still other avenues of punishment with which to avail ourselves. One way to do this is to publicly discredit those nefarious malefactors by having community leaders issue statements of alarm, disgust, and regret. Where possible, those found guilty of the heresy of not seeing me as "quite a dish" should be banned from speaking about me (in accordance with the If-you-haven't-got-something-good-to-say Law about to be passed by the state legislature). And, to silence any claims that freedom is being denied, community leaders should stress that individuals are free to have any opinion they wish concerning Doug's stunning visual qualities as long as these opinions are never expressed, whether vocally, written, or by any facial contortions. First time offenders may avoid punishment by agreeing to notify proper authorities in advance of any plans to publish or speak on the topic of my looks. For repeat offenders, the option must be considered of piercing their ankles and abandoning them

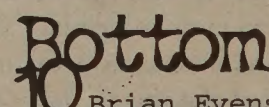
on a mountain. In any event, punishment must never be perceived as vindictive or spiteful, only as a warm, loving way to help the misguided back to correct thinking.

Step Four. Perhaps this step is central to the Let's-Be-Honest-About-Doug's-Good-Looks Four-Step Program. Here we focus on appropriate displays of one's recognition of Doug's suitable-for-framing appearance. While gushing letters to the Editor in local newspapers are appropriate, even more appropriate would be the sharing of personal feelings on the subject to friends, acquaintances, and absolute strangers on airplanes. Handouts can be printed for distribution to those unacquainted with Doug and his mammoth good looks. Hats and sweaters can be made with pictures of me on them. Meetings can be held in homes where people can freely discuss everything from the subtle nuances of my attractiveness to the grand sweeping themes of the handsomeness I radiate. Perhaps, though, when all is said and done, the most fitting display of affection may lie in the simple turn, wave and smile of a girl in a car at a stoplight. I sincerely hope these four steps can help curb the seemingly trendy and pervasive disregard for how great I look.



1. Sunstone Symposium
2. orthodoxy
3. population management
4. Rambo
5. lamp shades
6. lightning storms in wer grass
7. Life of Brian
8. sexually naive EFT-ers
9. anti-oxidants

10. codependents
11. titilated
12. true faith promoted stories
13. self-denial
14. Kids (the movie)
15. smoking monkeys
16. blind obedience
17. acid free lives
19. celtic harps
20. the top 20



Brian Evenson leaving BYU, population management, non-stop radio commercials, burnt grass, bitter lesbians, sharing a room, Phil Gramm, hypocrisy, Bulldog Blvd., Circle K motorcycle conferences

HOROSCOPES

This month's horoscopes are brought to you by Dr. Maurice Godfrey. Dr. Godfrey has an honorary PhD in Astrology and Astral Travel from the Latoya Jackson Psychic Friends Network, Mt. Shasta, California. Dr. Godfrey has trained under the tutelage of some of the greatest astrological minds of this century. He can read the planets like he's reading the World News Weekly.

AQUARIUS: JAN. 21-FEB. 19

Neptune smiles upon you this month, oh blessed one! The celery stalk of success will appear in your kitchen and will already be cut to hors d'oeuvre size, but you will need to supply the dip. When the celery comes, give generously and you will be rewarded.

Beware of anyone purporting to be Boris Karloff. They will come asking favors, but leave you in a state of mental anxiety. Avoid romance this month with Cancers. While Neptune is in its third window, romance with a Cancer could lead to baldness.

—Household appliance of the month: Microwave Oven.

PISCES: FEB. 20-MAR. 20

This month holds a special surprise for you, I don't have any idea what it is, but it is REALLY SPECIAL. If you wake up to find the limp body of Gary Coleman on your bathroom floor (that's not the surprise), do not be alarmed, it's normal for this period of Jupiter's rotation. Just give him some warm milk and Cheerios and show him the door.

This is a good month to make a move on that Capricorn that has been occupying your thoughts lately. If they turn you down, show them this, and tell them that the planets say it is meant to be.

—Household appliance of the month: Electric Can Opener.

AIRES: MAR. 21-APR. 20

Do not abuse any lawn ornaments this month, it will lead to disaster (and possibly full frontal nudity). You will win something in the near future, but do not get excited, your mother will like it more than you do.

The rings around Uranus bode well, that rabid dog that has been chasing you will finally croak (HE'S THERE! you just might not see him). Don't eat any asparagus this month (or the next month, or for the rest of your life for that matter). Your love-life will be very twisted.

—Household appliance of the month: Ginsu Bagel Slicer.

TAURUS: APR. 21-MAY 21

They're on to you! Flee, like Lehi of old. They know what you're doing, the planets have revealed it. Failure to heed this warning could result in darkly clothed men with large caliber automatic weapons crashing through your bedroom window

at 3:00 a.m.

You will find true love this month, your proposition in the Food 4 Less parking lot will be warmly accepted. Don't hesitate to scream hysterically if you hear any loud noises.

—Household appliance of the month: Flowbee Haircutting System.

GEMINI: MAY 22-JUN. 21

You will find no pleasure in your normal mindless activities, find something new. This would be a good month to buy a rooster and chuck that cold, heartless alarm clock. Set him buy the window and give him some grain, your roommate will love him.

You will meet a someone outside of the SWKT this month, who will sweep you off of your feet (watch out for the sidewalk vent). That aching sensation in your loins is telling you it's time (your biological rooster is crowing). Find your mate and procreate.

—Household appliance of the month: Black and Decker Dustbuster

CANCER: JUN. 22-JUL. 23

Watch out for falling cinder blocks, this would be a good month to wear a hard-hat. The rutabaga of madness will come crashing through your window of life, prepare for the worst! You can eat the rutabaga though, it's fresh.

Whatever you were planning on building, don't. Your friends will point the fin-

ger of scorn. This would be a good month to date Tony Marinello at 374-7920.

—Household appliance of the month: Hand blender.

LEO: JUL. 24-AUG. 23

This is not a good month to go on an African Safari. It is also wise to avoid automatic weapons fire right now. You will find the answers to your problems if you stare at the wood paneling of your dresser long enough.

The bluebird of happiness will screech in your ears this month, heed its call and give in to your emotions. You will have a romantic interlude resulting in a spontaneous musical arrangement and knife fight with or near the large Native American on the West Side of the library.

—Household appliance of the month: Juicer.

VIRGO: AUG. 24-SEP. 23

You will have a glorious month. Every plan you make will succeed, every romance you seek will be sensual and thrilling. Your wildest dreams will realize themselves with very little effort on your part. If you build it, it will be great, and bring you wealth, love and happiness.

There is nothing you can do wrong this month, everything is perfect. You will feel love and generosity to all mankind. This would be a great time to send \$100 to 578 North 400 East #6, Provo, UT 84606 (cash only, please).

—Household appliance of the month: Food Processor.

LIBRA: SEP. 24-OCT. 23

You will find something vital to your education in the drain of your shower. Fortune's mother will smile upon you and invite you over for dinner. Beware though, she has eyes in the back of her head and if she catches you with your hands on her Fortune she will put the foot of despair into your tender rear and Fortune's Dad will mow the front lawn with your face.

Utah Transit Authority will provide an otherwise unexpected romantic interlude.

Watch for large stray farm animals, they will ruin your month. You will have astral communication with Axel Rose.

—Household appliance of the month: Bread maker.

SCORPIO: OCT. 24-NOV. 23

Watch for an opportunity to loan John Denver some dental floss, it will bring you good luck. You need to make use of that left-over Chinese take-out in your fridge, or it will bring a curse upon your home.

You will not find true love among your current associates, but maybe that John Denver thing will lead to something. Whatever you do, STAY AWAY FROM LEOS, they'll give you gall stones.

—Appliance of the month: Vidal Sagoon Blow Dryer 2000 (with diffuser).

SAGITTARIUS: NOV. 23-DEC. 21

You will feel a strange desire to impersonate Wayne Newton (your signs cross this month). Any trips to Vegas should be canceled, and any sequined outfits should be stored where you cannot get to them.

This would be a good time to make an offering to Aphrodite. Your libido is low this month and you need all the help you can get. The NuSkin building is an omen for you (deal, deal, deal).

—Household appliance of the month: Regina Steamer Carpet Cleaner.

CAPRICORN: DEC. 22-JAN. 20

Like the Children of Moses, you will be liberated from bondage this month. Remember that great idea you had? run with it. If you wake up on the roof of the ASB, don't be alarmed; Saturn has a funny alignment this month.

A Libra will have a profound effect on your mental health, keep a straight jacket handy. James Earl Jones is your father, that will be confirmed in a dream this month. Love will beget love (and children if you don't watch it!).

Household appliance of the month: Electric frying pan.

IF YOUR BIRTHDAY IS THIS MONTH: WHOOPDEE-DO.



Religion

A CONVERSATION WITH JANICE ALLRED

BY JON EBBERT AND JANET GARRARD

Janice Allred, a Mormon author and LDS feminist, was recently excommunicated—the conflict apparently stemming from her writings on the nature of a Mother in Heaven. Though the Church chooses not to discuss the matter publicly, Allred asserts that she was excommunicated for “failing to obey her priesthood leaders.” According to her, the problems began after she gave a paper on Mother God at the 1992 Sunstone symposium. After the symposium, her stake president directed her not to publish or speak publicly on Mother God again, but she later published with Dialogue in 1994. Allred was put on probation on October 12, 1994, and eventually excommunicated. In July of 1995, Janice Allred sat down with Student Review to discuss her views on Heavenly Mother and the issue of academic freedom within the Church.

Why is the Church Hierarchy so reluctant to discuss the implications of a Heavenly Mother?

Well, anything I say on that would have to be pure speculation because they really haven't made any statements about it. The only thing I know of is President Hinckley's speech in which he talked about not praying to the Heavenly Mother. He said the reason we don't talk about her or pray to her is because we don't know anything about her. Which is interesting, because he used his own reasoning. He said, “It seems reasonable to me that we have a Heavenly Mother.” He could have used Joseph Smith's teachings about the Heavenly Mother or Eliza R. Snow's, but he fell back on his own reasoning—he didn't claim any revelation on it. He explicitly said these were his own thoughts and that could be one reason, because they don't have any revelation on [Her]. Another reason would be the polygamy idea. I've heard some people speculate that they don't want to talk about it because they would have to ask, “Which Heavenly Mother?” So, they still believe in the idea of eternal polygamy and would have to say that there are a lot of Heavenly Mothers. That idea I don't give any credence to; I think there is one Heavenly Mother and one Heavenly Father. The other reason would simply be because it's a feminist idea; feminists have taken a hold of the idea of the importance of having a female deity, and I think since it's something they perceive as being on the feminist agenda. They don't want to give any credence to it.

So, their reluctance is partially grounded in sexism?

Yes. Yes, I would say so.

You feel its roots are grounded in sexism. Do you feel the Church as an institution is inherently sexist?

I don't think the Church has to be sexist. I think the way the Church is run right now and the way the doctrines are interpreted are sexist. When you have a priesthood which is so important in governing our church (no important office is not priesthood related) and when only males can have the priesthood, and the governing power of the Church is invested in the priesthood, then it's got to be sexist. It doesn't matter how much the leaders say, “We think that male and female are equal, they simply have different roles.” When one role, the role that's given to the males, is inherently a superior role, when priesthood is interpreted as being the governing power, the power to make decisions, that's the superior role. And yes, with that interpretation, it is sexist. My personal belief is that the gospel of Jesus Christ is not sexist. When you think about the gospel of Jesus Christ, does he tell only men to have faith in him? No, it's addressed to all human beings equally. I think there's a great equality in it, and I think there's a lot in Mormon history that could be interpreted very positively for equality, but this has been repudiated by the leaders right now.

How do you reconcile the fact that Eliza R. Snow introduced the doctrine of a Heavenly Mother and was accepted, or at least tolerated by church leaders, yet when you attempt to explore the doctrine 100 years later, you are marginalized and discredited?

I think it's very unfortunate. Again, we have a lot in our history that's very positive for women. Eliza R. Snow spoke not only about the fact that she could give priesthood blessings because of her endowment, she considered it a duty and a responsibility to do this. She did it all the time, very openly, and no one questioned it. I think women were very excited about the powers that had been revealed and given to them. Eliza R. Snow said that she had been taught the doctrine of Heavenly Mother by Joseph Smith, and even Wilford Woodruff said about her hymn [O My Father] that it was inspired. There was a lot that was really positive then and Church leaders were accepting of it. I think that the Church's rejection of it now is because there's a lot of fear about the changes taking place in society. The Church has embraced the idea of family values and part of this family value system is the patriarchy with the father as the head of the home, making the decisions (again the priesthood kind of thing) and there's a breaking away from this more positive, more forward looking emancipation of women that we had in the early days of the Church.

In your article “Toward a Mormon Theology of God the Mother,” you assert that Jesus was, in effect, God the Father taking up a mortal tabernacle, and that Mother God likewise abandoned hers to become the Holy Ghost. Thus, removing Jesus as a separate individual in the Godhead. Could it have been your restructuring of the Godhead that was considered apostasy, rather than discussing Heavenly Mother alone?

Yes, I think so because other people have spoken about the Heavenly Mother and have not gotten into too much trouble, as I did. Although, I will say that pretty much anyone who talks about her publicly will have some kind of problem. I thought it was necessary in order to really understand Heavenly Mother, to rethink the role of the Heavenly Father. To me it's a very powerful theological idea to think that both the Heavenly Mother and the Heavenly Father are intimately and actively involved in the process of our immortality and bringing us to eternal life. The idea that Jesus is the Father is something I learned many years ago from reading the Book of Mormon very closely. I decided to see if this was also true of The Doctrine and Covenants. I read it very closely and found it to be in perfect agreement on this idea. When I started thinking of the Heavenly Mother, it all fit together in a very beautiful way, the fact that they both make a sacrifice to come into this world in different ways and to help us in very intimate ways. To me, it's a very beautiful idea that makes a lot of sense.

The Church consensus for the last 100 years has been that Jesus is a distinct individual. Do you feel that someone who openly disputes this idea has a right to remain a member of the Church?

Yes, I do, and I don't think it's a hundred years that there's been a consensus on this. I would say maybe seventy.

How does your view coalesce with Joseph Smith's vision of the Father and Jesus as separate beings?

That one has been asked of me a lot and what I say is that I believe in the First Vision—I don't dispute it. I think he saw two beings, maybe more. You have to look at all the versions of the vision. I know of [versions saying there were] four, I've been told of seven. I want to see the other ones, and I'm going to do a study on this because I haven't looked at it closely enough. But so far, I think, with the theology that I have, that I can interpret it [the First Vision] in ways that don't contradict what I believe. The first account we have about it, he doesn't talk of two beings at all. He only talks about Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ is the central figure in the vision.

Do you feel you're a threat to the Church? Do you have a place in the institution, if not the Gospel?

I don't think I'm a threat to the Church; I think that this was misperceived. One thing that I argued was that the doctrine of the Church, if you read the scriptures carefully, Jesus defined the doctrine of the Church, and we say it's his church. Jesus said the doctrine of the Church is what we call the Gospel: faith in him, repentance, baptism and receiving the Holy Ghost. I never said anything to contradict those basic doctrines. Jesus himself said, both in the Book of Mormon when he came to the Nephites, and in the Doctrine and Covenants, “Anyone who adds more to the doctrine of the church than this is not of me.” I think when we try to make our interpretations of God, and all other kinds of things, we try to say, “These are doctrines and if you don't believe them then you're out.” I think we

go beyond what Jesus told us we could do. And I think the Church leaders don't have the right to change that; he didn't give them that right. And without a direct revelation from Him, they don't have the right to change that.

As a writer, I feel a priesthood leader has no right to mandate what you can or cannot publish, or to claim the privilege of reviewing work previous to publication in order to evaluate its acceptability. Yet you were disciplined for challenging such a mandate. What are the limits of a priesthood leader's authority?

My view on this is pretty liberal, but I base it on the scriptures and I think section 121 is very clear on this. It says, “No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood.” Which means simply, you can't use your priesthood office to coerce people. Whatever powers a priesthood leader has need to be clearly outlined. They have never been given the power to discipline somebody for not following their counsel. Church law has some things that we say a person can be disciplined for—sexual sins, that's the major one that is outlined specifically. Apostasy? Yes. But it's interesting that's what the handbook says, but the scriptures do not say anything about apostasy, or teaching false doctrine, never.

And yet the Church, as a vehicle for the gospel, is an organization that must be governed by humans, and humans must be fallible—which means there will be obvious inconsistencies in how leaders define apostasy and other judgements. How can this be reconciled?

I think it's an issue that can't be resolved once and for all because their is a tension there. We claim not just to be an institution, we claim to be the church of Jesus Christ. We have to start with the gospel principles. What did Jesus say to Peter? Did he say, “Build my church?” No, he said, “Feed my sheep.” There is a big difference. I studied this, and I discovered this last year, whenever God refers to the Church, he always refers to it in the plural. It's never the Church, “it,” it's always the Church, “they.” God sees the Church as his people. Did he die on the cross for the Church? No, he died on the cross for me, you and every human being. If the Church loses sight of this fundamental Christian concept of what the Church is, and thinks of itself more as an institution, then it no longer becomes the church of Jesus Christ.

How has your reception been in the community since your disciplinary council?

It's varied. Most people don't want to talk about it, they would rather ignore it. I've had some close friends who've been very supportive—that's helped. I've noticed that I'm recognized wherever I go—which is a little disconcerting, but it's OK. Mormons are nice people and they're not rude and nobody has been rude to my face. I've tried to draw some people out to see what they think about it and it's been a little shocking to me—to be judged, and I think unfairly. People have said, “Yes, you deserved to be excommunicated because you broke the rules.” But what rule did I break? I didn't break any written rules; I broke the unwritten rule. And the rule is unwritten because it is indefensible. There is no way you can defend the rule that you have to do whatever your priesthood leader says.

You were also disciplined for writing an article dealing with Wilford Woodruff's claim that the Hierarchy could never lead the Church astray.

Could you summarize your views?

Actually, I didn't use Wilford Woodruff as my source, I used President Hinckley. And that to them, just to challenge an idea that someone of that position would give in a conference talk, to them that was practically an act of apostasy in itself. But basically what I did in that article is show that there is no scriptural support for that idea. No one has ever claimed that they had a revelation. This statement purports to say what God is going to do. God himself has got to tell it—it's got to be revealed, not just someone's idea. And no one has ever had a revelation on it. There is no scriptural support for it, there is no historical precedent. If you look at the scriptures, the scriptures are very frank in their dealings with past prophets. Even in the Doctrine and Covenants the Lord chastises Joseph Smith for his failures. There's even a provision in the Doctrine and Covenants for the excommunication of the President of the Church. Would there be such a provision if the Lord did not ever intend it to happen? You can find all kind of chastisements to all the Church leaders, so why should we suddenly believe that our Church leaders have become perfect? Do we think that they're greater than all of these past prophets? I don't think so.

Some say the Church continues to draw the line of acceptability in a smaller and smaller circle, others say it has remained the same, radicals merely step across the line and are solely responsible for any consequence. What are your thoughts on this?

I haven't made a careful study of it, so this is only my perception. But my perception is that in the last ten years, and it's increasing every year, that there has been an effort to draw the boundaries tighter and to say what's acceptable and what's unacceptable. I don't know of any other cases where an apostle would name groups of people like intellectuals and feminists and say that these people are unacceptable, or enemies of the Church.

So do you think that the tightening constraints reflect fear more than anything else?

Yes, I do. I feel that fear reflects lack of love and lack of faith, lack of faith in Jesus Christ.

Or possibly lack of faith in themselves?

Yes, lack of faith in themselves and their own ability to get revelation and to know what the Church really ought to be doing. Lack of faith in the members' ability to be spiritually sensitive in their own lives and to be able to go through all kinds of material and be critical about it and yet also be able to use their faith and spiritual sensitivity.

Is there a place for intellectualism in the Church in light of the trends that are going on?

I think there ought to be. There certainly has been in the past, and I hope there will be in the future. But it's hard right now because once an apostle says intellectuals are enemies, that gives all the members who are anti-intellectual ammunition and they've got their guns out and they feel free to use them in Sunday School class and whenever they want to. There is so much positive in Mormon history about the intellect, so much that you can find in the writings of Joseph Smith, the writings of Brigham Young and other Church leaders. To me it seems so self-defeating to say that the pursuit of truth is dangerous because then you're saying that there is something wrong with your theology, there is something wrong with your doctrine or your history, or that if people explore closely then they're going to lose their belief in it. That's the whole assumption behind the anti-intellectual thing.

In discussing excommunication with members of the Religion Department, I was told that the Church only excommunicates out of concern for the individual and the body of the Church, never for vindictive or vengeful purposes. Do you feel this is accurate? What about in your case?

No, not totally accurate. I'm sure that is what they feel they're doing, that they're doing it for their own good and the good of the Church. That's how it's outlined in the manual, but that's a judgement call, whether it's for the good of the Church. I don't think it is, to discipline someone for their ideas. Vindictiveness? To discredit the person? Yes, I think that sometimes that happens, especially with a scholar like Michael Quinn who is publishing things about Church history that they don't like. I think they want to discredit him because, for a lot of Mormons, if it's been written by an excommunicated person, they won't even look at it. It's important for people to be able to say, “Yes, this is a good Church member.” So yes, I think that is the motive sometimes, to discredit a person. I certainly don't think my priesthood leaders thought that was their motive. I also think there is the notion that punishment helps a person to repent. I disagree with that totally; I don't think punishment ever helps a person to repent. And I think punishment is wrong for somebody who has repented, to get onto another issue. The reason to punish them is if they no longer deserve to be a member, that's the only reason. It's wrong to use it as a way of controlling people, that's what the scriptures say.

See “Allred” on page 9

Arts & Letters

A Dog Named Pasolini

a short story by Brian Evenson

He did not, after all, kill himself. For one, Dossue thought to himself, for one, I do not feel, as I once did, that drowning is the right method. Or at least I do not feel that here is where I should drown myself.

He stared out over the river, looking upstream, then down. In his hands were two fistfuls of gravel he had planned to swallow to weigh his body down to the bottom of the river. Dossue had once read in a newspaper about a catholic priest's corpse that had been dredged from the river. The innards had been stuffed with gravel. The corpse had been headless. They had known it was a catholic priest because of the empty black and white collar. He let the gravel rush through his fingers. He could not remember the missionary's name, but thought it might rhyme with the word "Amer." The newspaper article talking about the body indicated that people thought (people? had thought Dossue, which people?) natives had done it.

No he could not kill himself here.⁷ It was a matter of etiquette. For if he were to drown in this spot his death would work its way downriver, killing the fish, his death gathering in the eddies of the slow spot where the village gathered its water. They would drink my death, he thought. He imagined them drinking the water, dying one by one, the village struck down as if by the gods. Perhaps one or two would escape, fleeing away from the village and the river, travelling into the bush, only to be found years later, their bodies stuffed with gravel, heads gone, at the bottom of the sea. I must go downstream, thought Dossue, he thought.

He began to walk down the river, following the footpath back towards the village. Back at the village sat his father and his grandfather. He imagined what would happen when he came back. His father would ask him where he had been. He would answer that he gone on an errand. His father would nod, and then Dossue would sit and the three of them would stare at one another, his grandfather staring until the world dissolved and he started staring into his own past. The stare would soften and his grandfather would begin to speak. He would tell stories about his youth in America, his later life in Labaise, the glorious life there (then why did you leave? Dossue would think) about the things he had done, the people he had known, the streets he had walked on, until at last he would work the story around, as he always did, to Pasolini. Then suddenly his grandfather always stopped dead and looked at him.

"Didn't we," he said, "didn't we have a dog named Pasolini?"

"Yes," Dossue said.

"Where is it?" the grandfather said.

"Dead," Dossue said. "You ate it."

"Yes, that's right," said the grandfather. "It was delicious."

And then the three would continue in silence again.

He continued down the path. When his wife had been alive, there had been four of them living in the wooden house. They had lived well enough, the three generations, and then his wife had become pregnant and with the pregnancy came the disease. She had tried to bite off her fingers. She did not want to bite them off, but she could not stop herself from doing it. If her hands were not bound she would bite at them, slowly eating them away.

"What is it?" asked Dossue.

"I don't know," she said, crying, desperately trying to get at her hands, unable to stop.

One morning he had awakened to find that during her sleep she had chewed her lips off. "Who are you?" he asked her. She said nothing. He had asked his father and his grandfather what to do with her. "What can you do?" his father said. "She is your wife." She freed one hand and bit her thumb off at the knuckle, swallowing it. "Wait for the baby," said his grandfather.

He walked into the village. There were five wooden houses, all rough hewn. It was hardly a village. One of the houses was deserted and partially collapsed. His grandfather had made the first house. As time had gone by, a few other people had wandered their way up river from Labaise to this place.

There was nobody in sight. Dossue stood on the grassy stretch between the houses, staring at his house. When the baby had come it had come dark and crinkled, an evil color. He took it and carried it into the bush, leaving it hanging from a tree limb in a wicker basket for the natives to take. When returned two days later, the basket was still there but the baby was gone.

With her lips chewed off his wife's face became skeletal. It is as if she is already dead, he thought.

When he had told his wife about the color of the baby, she said nothing. "What do you know?" he asked his grandfather. His grandfather just smiled.

Several nights after the birth of the baby Dossue untied his wife's hands while she slept. He lifted her hands carefully, guiding them to her mouth. She fed on herself for several nights before collapsing. He carried her corpse into

the bush and left it at the base of the tree where he had left the baby. He never returned to see what happened. Perhaps the corpse was still there.

Out of the newest house came a child carrying a ball. The child's name was Mansella. The child Mansella held the ball out to him. He took it from her and threw it high into the air. The child tried to get under it, spinning in circles, stepping all about. The ball struck several feet behind her. She found the ball, picked it up, held it out to him. Dossue stared, then turned to enter the house. Mansella followed him inside, still holding out the ball. He took the ball from her, hurled it hard out the doorway. She fled after it. He closed the door.

It took a moment for his eyes to adjust to the dim. Inside the house the window openings had been made blind. The wooden floor was damp and beginning to rot. There were shapes near the inner wall.

"Where have you been?" said his father.

"An errand," he said.

His father nodded then sat silent. The door opened. Mansella returned, breathing heavily, with the ball. Dossue stroked her hair and looked at her skin. It was dark, but not dark enough for her to be a native. He traced the bones of her face with his fingers. The child smiled.

"Who is it?" his grandfather said.

"Dossue," said his father.

"Who?"

"Dossue."

His grandfather grunted.

"Go out now," said Dossue to the girl. "We will play later."

Mansella did not move.

"Where has he been?" said his grandfather.

"He went to kill himself," said his father.

"Wonderful," said his grandfather. They sat idle and quiet in the dark.

There was silence.

"Why did he come back?" said his grandfather.

"Lack of spine."

"Go, now," Dossue said to Mansella. She left. He looked at his shadowed father and grandfather. I would like to remove the blinds, he thought.

"How?" said his grandfather.

"Drowning," Dossue said.

"Why are you still alive?" said his father.

"I don't know," Dossue said.

"Where?" said his grandfather.

"Upstream," Dossue said. "A mile perhaps upstream."

His father shifted frowning in his chair.

"You cannot do it there," he said. "You must go downstream."

Dossue said nothing.

"Are you evil enough to kill yourself upstream?"

"No," said Dossue. "I will go downstream."

They sat in silence. The two older men stared at him. Dossue stared back. Despite the shadows, Dossue knew every crack, every flaw of their faces. I know theirs better than my own face, he thought. If they were to die, I could reconstruct their faces down to the last detail. When they die, thought Dossue, I will remember their faces. I will reconstruct them in plaster. In plaster and wood.

His grandfather began to speak.

"When I was young in America," his grandfather said, "I remember that someone killed himself. I do not recall his name. Perhaps his name was Mensavi. I do not know.

"I was walking on the street looking for a job perhaps, or perhaps for some other reason. This was in the days before I went to Labaise. Suddenly in the street was a crowd standing near a building. The building was tall. It was perhaps the tallest building I have ever seen. Yes, I believe it was the tallest building in the world. The whole building was made of glass. When I built this house I thought of that building and of all the glass and I thought that one day there would be glass for the windows in this house here, my house. But there is no glass.

See "Pasolini" on next page

continued...Allred

Certainly your relationship with the Mormon Church has altered in the last year since the publication of your article, do you feel your relationship with Deity has altered as well?

If it's been altered, it's for the better because I've had to search into my soul to know what was right. I've had to go to God in prayer a lot and these issues have been extremely difficult and very important. I've had to develop my relationship with Jesus more. I already had a good relationship with God before the whole thing, and in some ways I feel I was disciplined because I put my relationship with God before my relationship with my priesthood leaders. We discussed this explicitly many times, I told them, "I'll listen to what you say and I'll pray about it, but I have to do what I think is right in terms of my own spiritual feelings, and in terms of my reasoning and thoughts about it. And even though I know I could be wrong, I think it's wrong to go against what I think God is telling me." In a way it was a conflict between my loyalty to God and my relationship with the Church. I think it's a tragedy that the Church interposes itself between a member and their relationship with God. But that's how I saw it and I feel that I still have a close relationship with God and that He and She have not rejected me, but that they've accepted what I've done as coming from my integrity and my best judgement.

What lesson should the student body and church membership learn from your situation?

The lesson I would like people to draw from this is the importance of freedom, the importance of freedom for our spiritual development. And that it's wrong for our priesthood leaders to abuse their power and try to punish people. It's not spiritually healthy for the Church and as a church, as a people, we need to recognize the privileges, the rights that God has given to us, and not let the institution to take them away from us. And we need to say that this is wrong. We need to be able, as Church members, to explore ideas about God and explore our own relationship with God. And I don't think we can do that isolated from other people—that's why I think the Church is so important. We need to be able to talk with other people about our ideas, because we're going to be wrong about a lot of things and we need people to tell us we're wrong. That's one of the problems with the institution right now, we have no way of bringing up problems in a structural, approved way in the Church. A member down here at the bottom has no access, no one to listen to their problem and, to me, the pain in the Church. I think people need to see the pain this has caused me and my family. A lot of people want to ignore that. They want to say, "You chose this, this is what you wanted." This isn't what I wanted, and it isn't right. Pain in something is wrong, and there's a lot of pain in a lot of lives of a lot of people about these kind of things. It hasn't just caused me pain, it's caused a lot of other people pain, too. We need to look at this pain and say, "This means something is wrong," and we've got to change it. We can't just leave it to the guys at the top to change it, that's not how God created this world.

continued...Pasolini

"Atop the building, near the top, was a man. He was standing on an edge. Below, policemen held back the crowd. One of the policemen had a device in his hand which made his voice louder. I had never seen such a thing before nor since. He was talking with it, using its magic to keep the man from jumping.

"Perhaps his name was Mensavi. I do not even know his name. He was in the air and spinning slowly down. The officer was saying, "You have the right to remain silent." I doubt the man could hear him for the whistle of the wind. When he struck ground, they handcuffed the body and dragged it away.

"In Labaise I never saw anyone kill himself. I knew people who killed themselves but I never saw them do it. They were discreet, as I hope you will be. Pasolini saw someone kill himself. I knew Pasolini well. I knew him before the scandal, when he was a good man. He told me how someone had killed himself. I do not remember who."

He paused. Dossue stood up. Dossue looked around the house. It was bare and empty. The floor was wet. Beneath the floor was a hollow, dark space. Someday the floor would rot through. Someone would step on it and their foot would break through and they would snap their ankle.

"Didn't we," said his grandfather, "didn't we once have a dog named Pasolini?"

Dossue left the house. "Where are you going?" his father called after him.

"An errand," he said.

His father came to the door, shielding his eyes from the sun with his hand. There was no one else in sight.

"Promise!" his father cried. "Downstream!"

Dossue walked the river's edge. He wondered what would happen if he tied himself up and sat himself at the base of the tree where he had left the baby and his wife. He wondered if he could still find the tree. He continued walking downstream.

He wondered what would happen if he walked for a mile and then drowned himself. That was what he should do. Yet perhaps there was another village further downstream which would be polluted by his death. I will walk down the river, he thought. I will walk until there are no more towns. I will walk until I reach the sea.

He walked on. I will reach the sea, he thought. When I reach the sea, he thought, I will turn and return home. That is what I will do. Or perhaps, he thought, perhaps I will kill myself after all.

YOU ARE
A SPECIAL
AND
IMPORTANT
PERSON
AND YOU
ARE
NEEDED

ESPECIALLY BY
STUDENT
REVIEW! WE
NEED WRITERS,
EDITORS,
ARTISTS, DIS-
TRIBUTORS,
DESIGNERS, AD
REPS, OR ANY
OTHER SPE-
CIAL TALENTS
YOU MIGHT
HAVE

R

CALL 371-8400 OR WRITE TO
PO BOX 2217, PROVO, UTAH
84606 IF YOU ARE INTERESTED.
LOOK FOR MORE INFO IN
THE NEXT ISSUE

Noise

Sit back in any coffee house and begin to wonder about the imbalance of your life. Sipping on a cappuccino, life's mystery dissolves into a watery-brown cream. I wonder if that's why music is so much like coffee: rock 'n' roll is the arena in which feelings evolve: coffee is the emotions' chapel.

In this issue, sit back and let us introduce you to a variety of the finest and worst local bands. Some will thrill you, others may act like a numbing drug—your arms and legs will go limp.

Student Review is dedicated to promoting local bands. The best local bands, despite their problems, deserve attention and praise. Those local bands that insist on feeding off BYU induced ignorance will be lambasted without discretion or sympathy.

Sofa's 'Bastard Rock': 'Blithe' or Blight? CD Review by Jason Lindquist and A. Scott Fleming

Bands that have no talent hide behind great artists' original songs. Eight Turtle Stack sings almost all cover material. With his Mickey Mouse smile, the lead singer, Jim, bellows cacophonous imitations of popular music. At the shows I attended, they single handedly ravaged songs by Sting, REM, U2, The Ramones, The Ocean Blue, and Live.

Surprisingly, Eight Turtle Stack has found a large following in Provo. Wait, maybe that isn't so surprising. In a city that thrives on following the crowd, it seems logical that BYU groupies would flock to a band that doesn't require thought, attention, or brains.

The lead singer is off key about a whole note on nearly every number. Sting's "Heavy Cloud No Rain" provides a brilliant collection of difficult notes Jim can't possibly hope to reach. He screeches through the more difficult parts, smiling when he gets a note right.

Halfway through U2's "Angel of Harlem" he stops singing to smile and take a breath. He grins proudly, having successfully hit the highest note in the song (most of the audience show their surprise with a gasp or a giggle). Eight Turtle Stack is the master of depreciation.

In the past, they have unsuccessfully covered REM's "It's the End of the World As We Know It (And I Feel Fine)." They continue to try and each time fail miserably. Michael Stipe's punchy style rushes through this song like pants on fire; Jim's slurred annunciation blurs the song's apprehension and originality into oblivion. Both times I have seen this song performed by Eight Turtle Stack the lead singer has forgotten the words to the song (My advice: If at first you don't succeed, stop).

The crowds still applaud uproariously after each show. They have managed to get through an entire concert without straining their brains. Maybe they are college students relaxing with music they know. Maybe BYU teaches students to shun everything unique and controversial in the world in order to embrace the conventional.

The lead singer's insulting remark about women and homosexuals drew a big laugh, revealing a self-righteous attitude that has come to characterize BYU and many of its Mormon students. My friend, disturbed by the band's incompetence and the crowd's adoration, leaned over the table and wrote on my writing tablet: "this band complicates my life."

The problem with band's like Eight Turtle Stack is that they insist on feeding audiences with unimpressive renderings of other artists' materials. Crowds of Eight Turtle Groupies adore this imitative effort. BYU invited them to perform on campus. A band that can not play a healthy portion of their own material has no right to perform. This band has no redeeming value. Eight Turtle Stack is nothing more than an eight turtle pile of crap.

8 Turtle Stack: Please Stack It No Higher (none stars) Band Review by Dean Jones

The Sofa propaganda sheet informs the interested listener that Sofa offers, in their words, "Blithe, Bastard Rock with Roots in Funk." All implications of illegitimacy aside, we aren't the only ones who are sick and tired of Sofa's self-congratulatory hype. Recently X-96 declared an all-request Thursday as "Sofa-free Thursday." The anguished D.J.'s vehemently warned listeners not to request Sofa: "If you are in the band Sofa, know someone in Sofa, are related to someone in Sofa, are dating someone in Sofa, are the Grandparents of someone in Sofa, or have ever even heard the name Sofa, do not call and request a song by Sofa because we won't play it!" And, having been subjected to their quasi-entertaining "Arcana" almost non-stop for the past couple of days, I can sympathize.

I admit, some of the mellow songs aren't irredeemable, especially "Wings" and "Sun." In spite of a dearth of lyrical brilliance ("I've got my tapes, CD's and vids, I don't need nothin' else to live") the refrain of "Wings" is strong with an adequate background groove. "Sun" with its beat-up yet mellow sound, and "Fallen Angel" are also decent efforts. The faster songs are not so defensible: they annoy in a would-be Chili Peppers sort of way and Hazen stretches his vocal talent beyond its dubious range. But, if an RHCP groove appeals, then maybe you'll be able to tolerate the 'funkier' segments of "Arcana." Nevertheless, I'm glad there's a program feature on my CD player.

The Sofa live experience could fit in with the freakish Lollapalooza side show. Darin Hazen has more gestures and quirky movements than a convulsing LSD addict. Not to mention Hazen's memorable miscued stage dive that landed him in his drummer's lap or the bestowal of the mysterious title 'Crime Girl' on a random member of the Sofa faithful. Although a live Sofa performance is almost worth two bucks just for the opportunity of seeing Darin in action, the set gets old after forty minutes. Unfortunately, stage presence rarely has any relation to musical talent and what Sofa brings in stage presence, they lack in musical prowess. If you are looking for a musical comparison, I'd say that the Red Hot Chili Peppers and Kenny G tour busses crashed into each other and the survivors formed Sofa.

So, if you're really into 'blithe, bastard rock with roots in funk,' a live Sofa performance could well be the event you're looking for. But if you're like us and would rather take a nap on a sofa than listen to a Sofa, page Chris at (801)344-1949 and tell him what you think.

Inspid Brown: Anything But Stupid

Noise Editor's Pick of the Month.
Album review by Dean Jones

Inspid Brown tells the story of life. Ignoring the traditional themes of rock 'n' roll (sex, drugs, romantic devotion), they explore psychological, social, and emotional impoverishment. They step outside the circle of traditionalism, and intelligently explore the difficult condition of being unique.

"Harriet the Spy" is about social rejection. The song's namesake ridicules people because of their differences. She "pulls down my pants and laughs at me" or "wonders if the lady with cross-eyes looks in the mirror and wants to die." The harmonica and beat move with awkward grace: not like a river, but like an elephant on a tricycle.

"3 Legged Dog" is a song about desperation. A dog, who is missing one leg, tells his story of abnormality. Reynie Sandoval, the song writer, says he draws most of his lyrics from real life, yet this song is about a dog that could never exist in real life. He would be shot rather than allowed to live. "Oh that I could go outside and play for awhile / I'd dig a hole, hide my bones and smile / If I could, I'd run straight again."

Told from the unfortunate animal's point of view, this desperate dog wants to feel the world as others can. Chasing cats and cars is a pleasure of the past. The dog represents the frustration of feeling trapped and alone in a world that rejects differences.

"Chelsea's Grass" is another cheerless song off the album, showing the abuse of those who are different. Two star-crossed, five-year old lovers discover their unique isolation and decide to runaway together.

Quietly accented by a hauntingly soothing mandolin, the song cries for relief—"Can you go away? / Will you go away? / Make it go away?"

The two children, ignorantly victims of uncaring parents, explain their suffering: "Me and Chelsea's got some grass, but its not green. Dad is not around and mom is home asleep." Chelsea and the young boy lose sorrow in their devotion to each other, but the song's playful-tragic tone, about two five-year olds in love, surfaces problems of parental delin-

Hobble: Luke Skywalker and the Seattle Sound

☆☆☆
CD Review by Adam Martin

It invites you in and puts you to bed at the end. A beautiful musical enclave from bands like Eight Turtle Stack. Unlike Ali Ali Oxen Free, which seems to naturally inhibit movement of any type in the listener, Hobble promotes a psychological motion through the room. They have a dark, encompassing grunge sound, but a voice that can build to trust-inspiring resolve, or darker still, anger. Hobble is from Seattle and they are only coming for one show.

"Come along and close the door. We'll go to heaven together once more." "Muddy" contains the aforementioned invitation. Once you're in, you sit on the floor and equilibrate to a softly wavering guitar until a multi-pulsing drum line initiates the listener into the album. It doesn't scream like Smashing Pumpkins, but has a similar, enclosing wall of noise. "Muddy" is six minutes and a great beginning song with jam potential that journeys through melancholy MC Escher tunnels with you.

Remember that scene in The Return of the Jedi where Luke chases storm troopers through the Endorian forest. Trees swoosh all around. Now imagine this scene gray and you step swoosh instead of fly swoosh. That's "Blower." The guitar dips as the vocals move along in what sounds like inner thought and then loud expression as emerging from the forest but still running. Hobble's music incorporates into the listeners personal experience and thus carries sincere emotion.

"Downhill" shows Hobble's magnificent artistic and individual, as opposed to artisanistic, style (are you listening Eight Turtle?). The trusting voice builds with a progressive guitar strum. What I believe is a scratchy violin, sounds amazingly like back-up vocal melody that compliments the lead vocals until it builds to contrast constructively at the end of the song. The experimental feel sets the song (and band) apart from easily predictable, candy-apple, imitation rock.

With a distinct beginning and end, through thoughts of relating, ethereal bleakness, and love in between, the album has a thematic flow reinforced by the play order. The only question is whether they can recreate the effects live that add so much to mood on the album. Really, I think they will be better on stage.

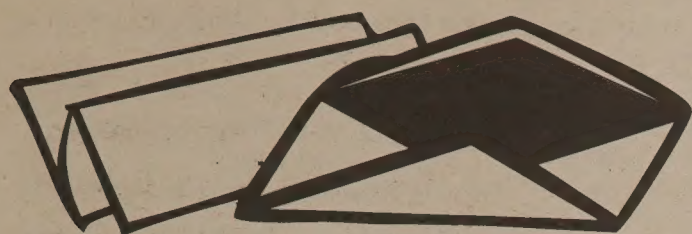
quency. Longing for adolescence, the apprehensive child's voice is offset by the mixture of sorrow and commitment. "Chelsea's Grass" is a song about a depraved society wherein children are neglected to the point of abuse.

Uniquely imaginative Inspid Brown's sound defies regular classification. The band's members—Reynie Sandoval on vocals and lead guitar, Chris Blair on drums, Ken Empey on bass, and Curt Barton on rhythm guitar—mesh their unique sounds to create a gentle ebb of harmony. Inspid Brown sounds something like Cajun cooking in its musical incarnation: hot and spicy.

An interesting collection of blues and rock, Inspid Brown is not Grunge, Punk, or Classic. They simply exist as the newest incarnation of an intelligent, alternative voice seeking self understanding.

☆☆☆☆
The next tree hugger, grana-nola-rockers for the nineties

Issues & Opinions



Letter to the Editor

Is anybody else a little bit stung by Brian Evenson's leaving B.Y.U.? Does anybody else think it at least a bit strange that a recipient of an NEA Fellowship has been pressured, in a very real sense, to leave B.Y.U.? And for what reason? Because his book Altmann's Tongue has been deemed "a showcase of graphic, disgusting, pointless violence," by an anonymous student who got the pressure ball rolling by writing a letter to the board of regents. Meanwhile, the publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, considers Evenson's "fierce debut" to be "very strangely fascinating," and is amazed at how a writer with such an obvious moral outlook can produce such amazing fiction.

Then there's the reaction of our beloved administration, summed up by this quote from President Lee, printed in the July 11 issue of the Daily Universe in which he says that further publication of stories that portray the "same pattern of extreme sadism, brutality and gross degrada-

tion of women" would "not further [Evenson's] cause as a candidate for continuing faculty status."

I have to wonder if Pres. Lee and the rest of the administration have read some of the "classic" literature we study. Let's see now, extreme sadism and brutality...I think Shakespeare's Macbeth could possibly qualify as a piece driven by sadism and brutality. And how about these choice lines from King Lear (granted of course that the play is not "driven" by these actions, but it certainly would not be a very good play with out them):

Cornwall: See't shalt thou never.—
Fellows,
hold the chair.—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

gloster is held down in his chair,
while

cornwall plucks out one of his eyes
and sets his foot upon it.

* * * * *

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent
it.—Out,
vile Jelly—
Where is thy lustre now?

Tears out gloster's other eye, and
throws it on the ground.

And what about the final scene in Hamlet, where Hamlet, Gertrude, Claudius, and Laertes are all murdered?

Now let's talk about gross degradation of women. Let's talk about Charlotte Perkins Gilman's classic short story "The Yellow Wallpaper," in which a woman is locked up by her husband in a room until she goes quite insane. Let's talk about Shirley Jackson's "The Lottery," in which a woman is stoned to death by her fellow citizens (this also hints at your violence) so that the corn will grow. Let's talk about Adrienne Rich's "Rape"—the title should be self-explanatory; besides the degradation of a woman, this poem also addresses violence. Finally, let's get back to old William Shakespeare and talk about the murder of Desdemona (an innocent and virtuous woman) in Othello, again this example also addresses sadism and brutality.

All of these works of literature are considered "classics," if I may use that term. They are all extremely valuable to the study of Anglo-American literature. Based on President Lee's comment, though, not one of these authors would be in a very good position to find themselves with "continuing faculty status." Not even the venerable William Shakespeare. So why don't we just get rid of Shakespeare, Gilman, Perkins, Rich and many other authors who explore such issues? Is it easier to study their work and

pacify our reactions by saying to ourselves, "Oh well, these authors are dead, so their work is less of a threat"? (Of course we'll have to wait a few years before we can say that about Adrienne Rich.)

I have to wonder about the double standard that seems to be in operation here. Are "brutality" and the "degradation of women" in literature to be tolerated only when the author is dead or at least quite removed from us?

I agree with the editors of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. who laud Evenson's book. I think it is a remarkably insightful commentary on contemporary culture. The question the book raises is how constructively do we, as culture and as individuals within that culture, deal with the violence that surrounds us?

The question raised by Brian Evenson's being pressured not to publish any such stories and his subsequent leave of absence takes us back to the old academic, and in this case, creative freedom issue. What areas of life are we as B.Y.U. students and faculty not "allowed" to touch? Sound familiar? I must agree with another teacher on campus who commented that the L.D.S. community, and certainly the B.Y.U. community, is so caught up in lofty issues, such as godhood, that we forget that we need to deal with the issues involved with getting there. And as most literature teachers will agree, poetry, drama, and fiction are very good media through which such issues can be explored without our having to bloody our hands, sot to speak. Again, I just have to wonder whether one can raise such issues and still keep their "continuing status" at this university. In closing, I just want to say best of luck Brian at Ok State, and I'm looking forward to your next book.

Keal Moffet

MUSIC

- We Pay up to \$5 cash on used CD's
- Reserve a CD title and we'll call you when it comes in
- Computerized inventory/over 6,000 discs in stock
- 8 personal listening stations
- Open late 6 days a week

All CD's \$1.99 to \$7.99

DISC GO ROUND

Mon-Sat 10-10

371-8686

Between Shopko & Food 4 Less in Provo

UNBURIED ! TREASURES !

BE CREATIVE... Our
Vintage Clothing
can be
SCARY!



With
PRICES
This LOW,
YOU'LL
MAKE-OFF
LIKE A
PIRATE!



**COMMUNITY
THRIFT &
RELIEF**

515 N. UNIV. AVE.

M-S
10-5PM

UTAH'S FUNEST WALK-IN TREASURE CHEST !

Calendar

Film

- *Tower Theatre, 876 E 900 S, SLC, 297-4041.
- *Academy Theatre, 56 N University Ave., 373-4470.
- *Avalon Theatre, 3605 S State, Murray, 226-0258.
- *Carillon Square Theatres, 309 E 1300 S, Orem, 224-5112.
- *Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 959 S 700 E, Orem, 224-6622.
- *Movies 8, 2424 N University Parkway, Provo, 375-5667.
- *Scera Theatre, 745 S State, Orem, 235-2560.
- *Sundance Institute, screenings at Sundance Resort, call 328-3450 for schedules.
- *Tower Theatre, 875 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234.
- *Varsity Theatre, on BYU Campus, 378-3311.

Concerts and Live Shows

- *Peter, Paul, and Mary, August 17 at Wolf Mtn. 1-800-888-TIXX.
- *Live with PJ Harvey and Veruca Salt, Aug. 21 at Wolf Mountain. 1-800-888-TIXX
- *Mormon Tabernacle Choir Rehearsals, Thursdays, 8-9:30 pm, Tabernacle on Temple Square.
- *Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word," Sundays, 9:30-10 am,

Tabernacle on Temple Square, be seated by 9:15.

- *Temple Square Concert Series, Assembly Hall on Temple Square 7:30 pm, call 240-3318 for info.

Theater, Art and Culture

- *"Les Miserables," August 22-September 10 at the Capitol Theatre. Tickets on sale at the Box Office and Art Tix, 355-ARTS.
- *BYU Museum of Art, featuring: "150 Years of American Painting," C.C.A. Christensen's "Mormon Panorama," "Michael's Corner," "West Meets East," and rarely exhibited drawings and paintings by Alex Darias, a former BYU Professor. Hours are 9 am to 9 pm, Mondays through Saturdays. For more info call 378-ARTS.
- *KHQN Radio and Krishna Temple hold a 10-course vegetarian feast every Sunday at 6 pm, program also includes Mantra meditation, films, and a talk on Bhagavad gita. Temple located at 8628 S Main in Spanish Fork, or call 798-3559 for directions.
- *Utah Shakespeare festival June 22-Oct. 10 in Cedar City. Call 1-800-PLAY-TIX for more info.
- *"South Pacific," June 22-Sept. 9 at Sundance Resort Eccles Theatre. Tickets at 255-4100

- *Big Band Ballroom Dancing at Murray Arts Centre, 4868 S State, Tues and Sat at 8:30 pm, instructions at 7:30, 269-1400.
- *Museum of Peoples & Cultures, at the corner of 700 N 100 E, presents "Paquime and the Casas Grandes Culture," open 9-5 weekdays, admission is free.
- *Monte L. Bean Life Science Museum, BYU Campus, open 9-5 weekdays, free admission. Call 378-5051 for more info.
- *BYU Earth Science Museum showcases a Jurassic fossil collection, open Mondays 9-9, Tuesday-Friday 9-5 and Saturday 12-5. Call 378-3680 for more info.
- *Hansen Planetarium, at 15 S State in SLC, shows include Laser-Pilots, Laser-U2, and Laser-Grunge, call 538-2098 for times.

Outdoor Events

- *Salt Lake City Hiking and Backpacking Singles Club. Weekly evening and day hikes in local canyons. Call Ti Huit 972-3902.
- *Women's Mountain Bike Club, every Wednesday, 5 pm sharp, Gourmet Bicycles.
- *Weekly road ride, every Tuesday, 6 pm sharp, Gourmet Bicycles.
- *Tracy Aviary at Liberty Park.

Essential Phone Numbers

- *AIDS Hotline, 1-800-AIDS-411.
- *Air Quality Hotline, 373-9560.
- *Alcoholics Anonymous, 375-8620.
- *ACLU, 521-9289.
- *Ask-A-Nurse, 377-8488.
- *Boy Scouts of America, 373-4185 or 1-800-748-4256.
- *BYU Info, 378-INFO.

*If you have any exciting additions to the calendar or any other comments, please call Janeal at 377-4943.

- *BYU Standards, 378-2847.
- *Camping at Utah State Parks, 322-3770 or 1-800-322-3700.
- *Career Guidance Center, 377-7476.
- *Center for Women & Children in Crisis, 374-9351.
- *Concert Hotline, 536-1234.
- *Dial-A-Story, 379-6675.
- *Orrin Hatch, 375-7881.
- *Job Service, 373-7500.
- *LDS Social Services, 378-7620.
- *Mosquito Abatement, 370-8637.
- *National Kidney Foundation, 226-5111.
- *Peace Corps, 1-800-525-4621.
- *Poison Control Center, 1-800-456-7707.
- *Rex Lee's Office, 378-2521.
- *Share-A-Pet, 975-1650.
- *Smith TIX, 1-800-888-TIXX.
- *Sonic Garden, 37-SONIC.
- *Student Review Office, 377-2980.
- *Time & Temperature, 373-9120.
- *TNT Fart Line, 1-900-TNT-FART.
- *UTA Bus Info, 375-4636.
- *Utah Jazz, 355-DUNK.
- *UVSC Info, 222-8000.
- *Utah Bureau of Air Quality, 536-4000.

Pick a Winner

- *Utahns Against Hunger, 328-2561.
- *White House, 202-456-1414.
- *Youth Service Center, 373-2215.

The summer is winding down and basically not much is going on so enjoy the outdoors. Baking your flesh and clearing your mind before the Institution of higher learning start up their rampage again.

SONIC GARDEN HAS THE LOWEST PRICES ON USED CDS IN UTAH!

SUMMER CLEARANCE SALE

during July and August!



All used CDs \$6.95 and below

All new CDs \$12.99 and below

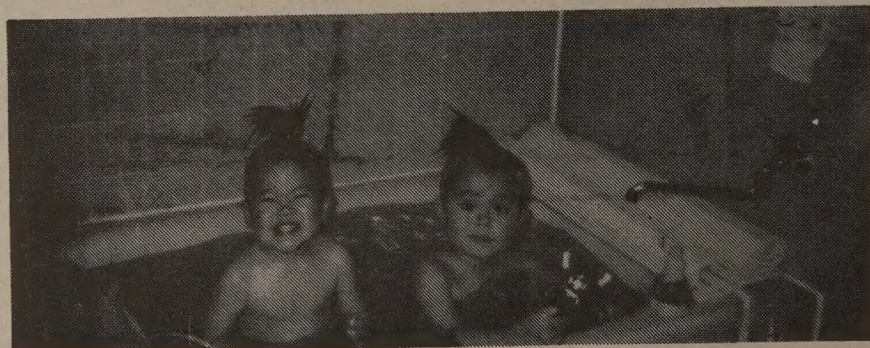
up to \$600 credit for used CDs

SONIC GARDEN CD EXCHANGE

OFFER NOT GOOD WITH ANY OTHER COUPONS, SALES, OR PROMOTIONS.

748 EAST 820 NORTH, PROVO • 37-SONIC • NEW SUMMER HOURS! 12 NOON TO 10 P.M.

THE DREAM MASONS



by Dave Jenkins

The Dream Masons,
The Famous Ones,
The Bright young Fantastics—
In the democracy you'll see them—
silent, waiting—pensive and intensive
with a grin,
hearts beating a million times a minute
Ravish—devour
each life-drenched hour,
See them run up stairs ...

Sometimes they only stand—and suck in everything
—for masons must have blueprints
—and famous ones must create—imitation is suicide.
Sometimes they find each other
—and conversation tangiates like a bonsai
Sometimes they hold hands
—pika pika hikaru (the sound of bright light)
Sometimes they kiss
—and time and space
are bent. Δ